BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 23

NUTTY

THE COMIC WITH BANANAMAN YOUR TV STAR

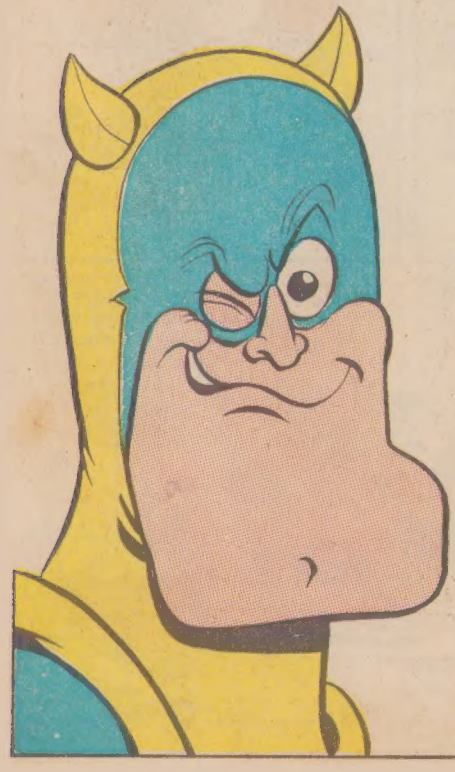
16p IR-26p (Inc. VAT)

No. 220 April 28th, 1984

EVERY SATURDAY

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, LITTLE ERIC, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

BANANAMAN

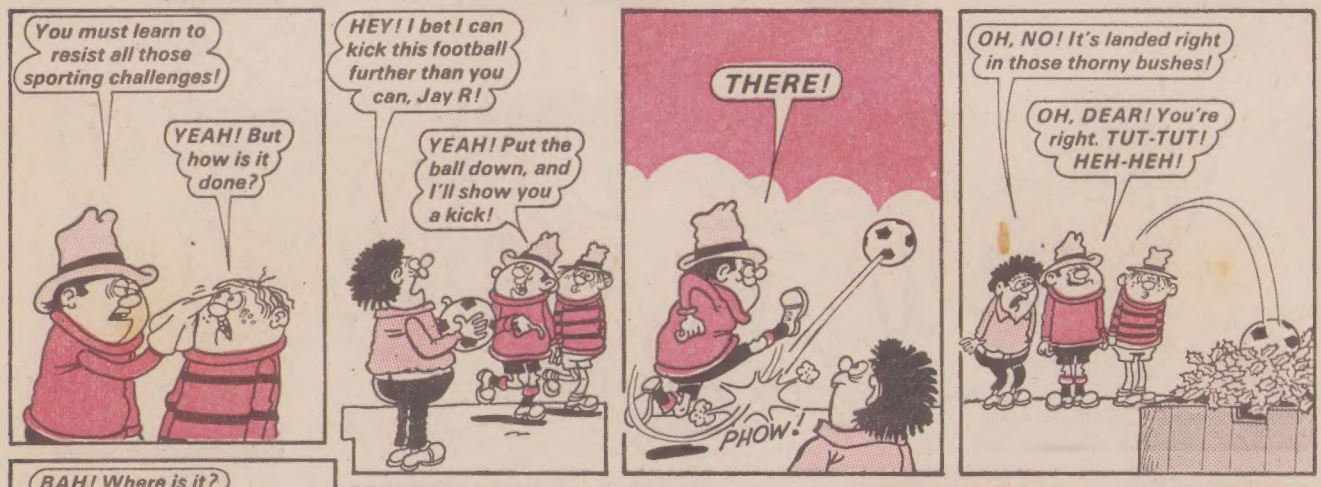


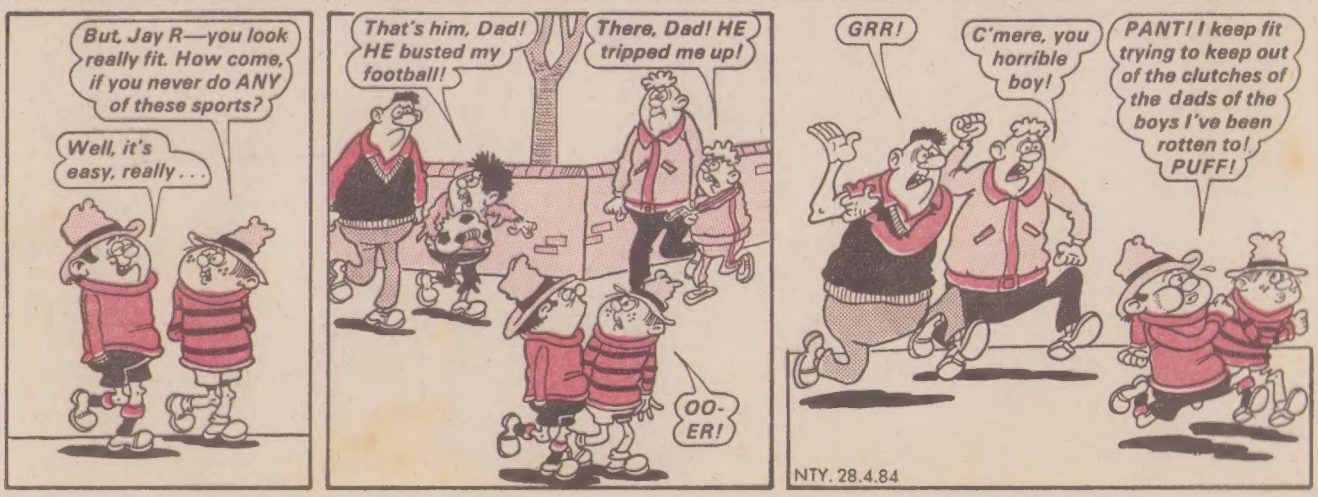
My new secret weapon's ready—an exploding hat-pin. All I've to do is get 'nanabonce close enough to pin it on him—then KAPOW!!!
Brill! GO get him, Auntie.
Chief O'Reilly will soon notice me sleep-walking up here and call Bananaman. SNORE!
SNORE! SNORE!
MUCH LATER—
You can never get a policeman when you need one. SNORE! SNORE!
SNORE!
SNORE! SNORE!
Wh-whassat?
Wow! A nice old lady in danger. I must call Bananaman before she drops off.
ZZ! And not before time. HEH! HEH!
I hope this is important. I was countin' sheep and I'd just got to the interesting bit.
It IS! Have a banana and get over here quick.

CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

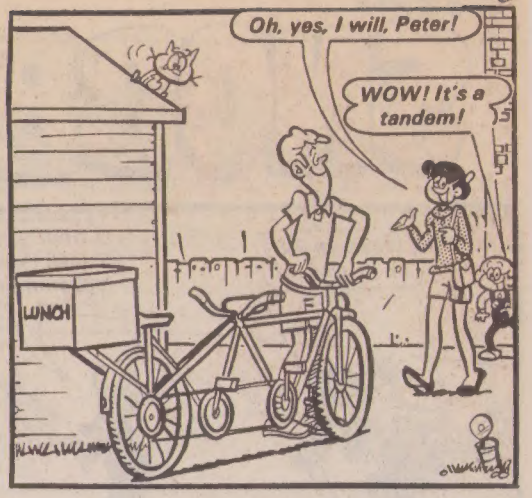

You must learn to resist all those sporting challenges!
YEAH! But how is it done?
HEY! I bet I can kick this football further than you can, Jay R!
YEAH! Put the ball down, and I'll show you a kick!
THERE!
PHOW!
OH, NO! It's landed right in those thorny bushes!
OH, DEAR! You're right. TUT-TUT! HEH-HEH!


But, Jay R—you look really fit. How come, if you never do ANY of these sports?
Well, it's easy, really . . .
That's him, Dad! HE busted my football!
There, Dad! HE tripped me up!
OO-ER!
GRR!
C'mere, you horrible boy!
PANT! I keep fit trying to keep out of the clutches of the dads of the boys I've been rotten to! PUFF!

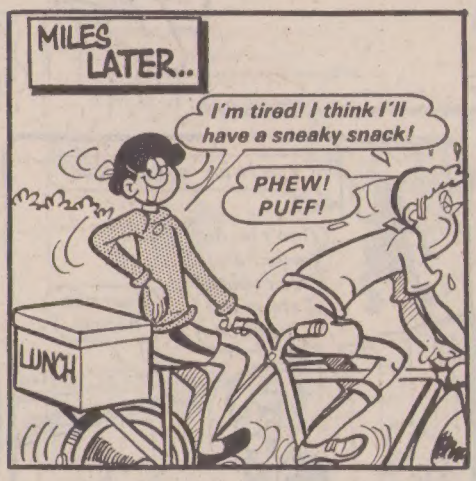
NTY. 28.4.84

PETER Pest

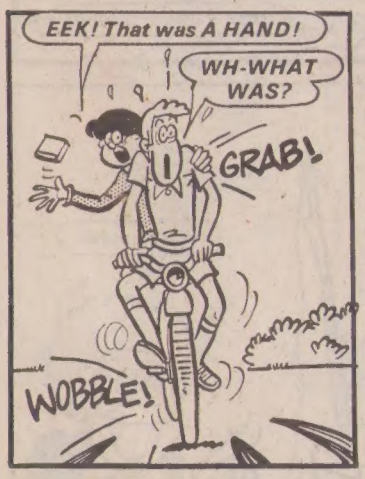
Bernard's taking me on a cycling trip today!
HUH! You'll NEVER keep up with him, Sis!
POCKETS!?


Oh, yes, I will, Peter!
WOW! It's a tandem!
LUNCH

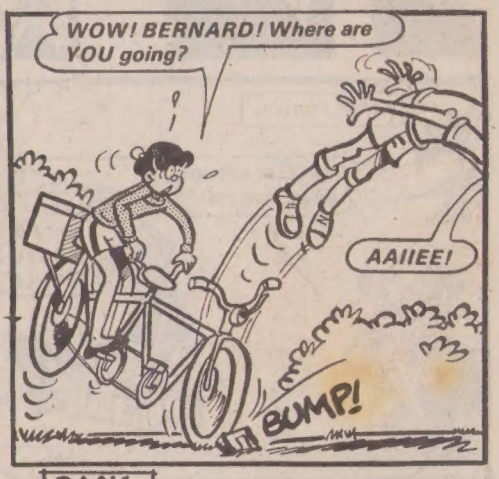
SHORTLY..
Let's go, my sweet!
How romantic—and no PEST to bother me!


MILES LATER..
I'm tired! I think I'll have a sneaky snack!
PHEW! PUFF!
LUNCH

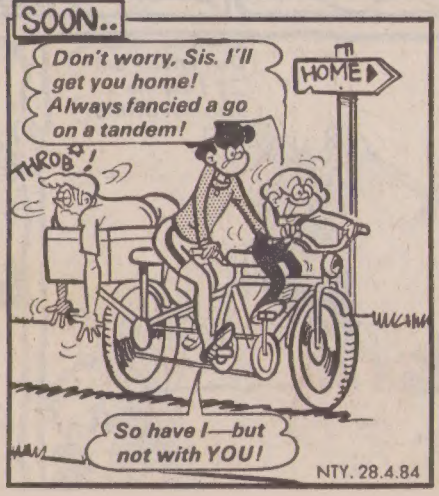
AAH! A cheese and pickle butty. Thanks very much!
A pleasure!


EEK! That was A HAND!
WH-WHAT WAS?
GRAB!
WOBBLE!

You've made me lose control, Doris! HELP!
GULP!
LUNCH
SWERVE!


WOW! BERNARD! Where are YOU going?
AAIIEE!
BUMP!

Hi, Sis!
PETER! It was you, you absolute PEST!
GROAN!
THROB!


SOON..
Don't worry, Sis. I'll get you home! Always fancied a go on a tandem!
HOME
THROB!
So have I—but not with YOU!
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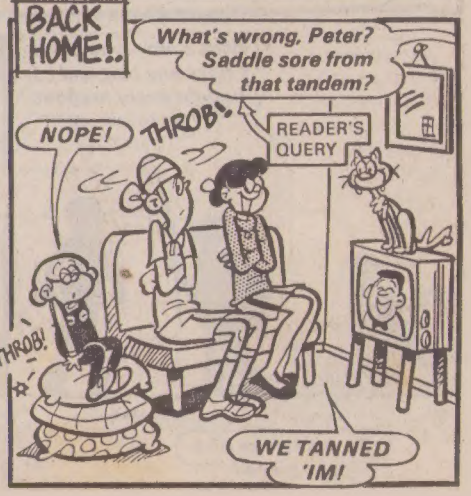
BACK HOME!..
What's wrong, Peter? Saddle sore from that tandem?
NOPE!
THROB!
READER'S QUERY
THROB!
WE TANNED 'IM!

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

What are yer up to, Chuck?
Sniff! If you must know, I'm fly casting, Common Person.
Hoot! You'll never catch flies with that thing.
Bah! I'm practising to catch FISH! Something you know nothing about.
Nonsense! I'm an expert!
I challenge you to a fishing duel—loser buys a slap-up meal.
You're on, 'addock 'ead!
Don't let him win, Pater. We couldn't stand the disgrace.
Fear not, Family.
I've bought every item of fishing tackle in town, which means Slobb can't get any.
SOLD OUT
FISHING TACKLE
Such a clever parent!
AT THE POND—
Coo! Got enough gear, 'ave you?
Yais! But I'll bet you haven't!
All I need is Rodney, my trusty old fishing pole.
What a mess!
Wait a mo'—you don't have any bait, and I bought every maggot in town.
Pa, here's the pick you picked.
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Don't need 'em! I dig me own—WURMS!
Curses!
St-stroll on! This ground is as hard as my wife's doughnuts.
WHANG!
Hee! Hee! Pathetic!

I'm not beaten yet—I'll charm the worms out o' the ground.
YEOWL!
WAIL!
EEK! Australia first stop!
DIVE! DIVE!
Now I'm beaten! Not a worm in sight.
GASP!
Doesn't matter anyway...
... There's no room for you to fish—my expensive equipment takes up the whole pond bank.
Look, I've hooked a fish! What skill! No sneaking off now, LOSERS!
One last chance, Kiddies.
Titter! He's gone NUTS!
" Boot "-iful idea this.
PONG!
AARGH! IT'S THEM! HIS SMELLY WELLIES!
SCWEAM! HE'S CAUGHT EVERY FISH IN THE POND!
SHORTLY AT SYD'S FISH BAR—
This is the kind of fishin' I like—catchin' fish and chips out of a newspaper!
Harrumph! I do hope none of my posh pals see me here!
CHIPS
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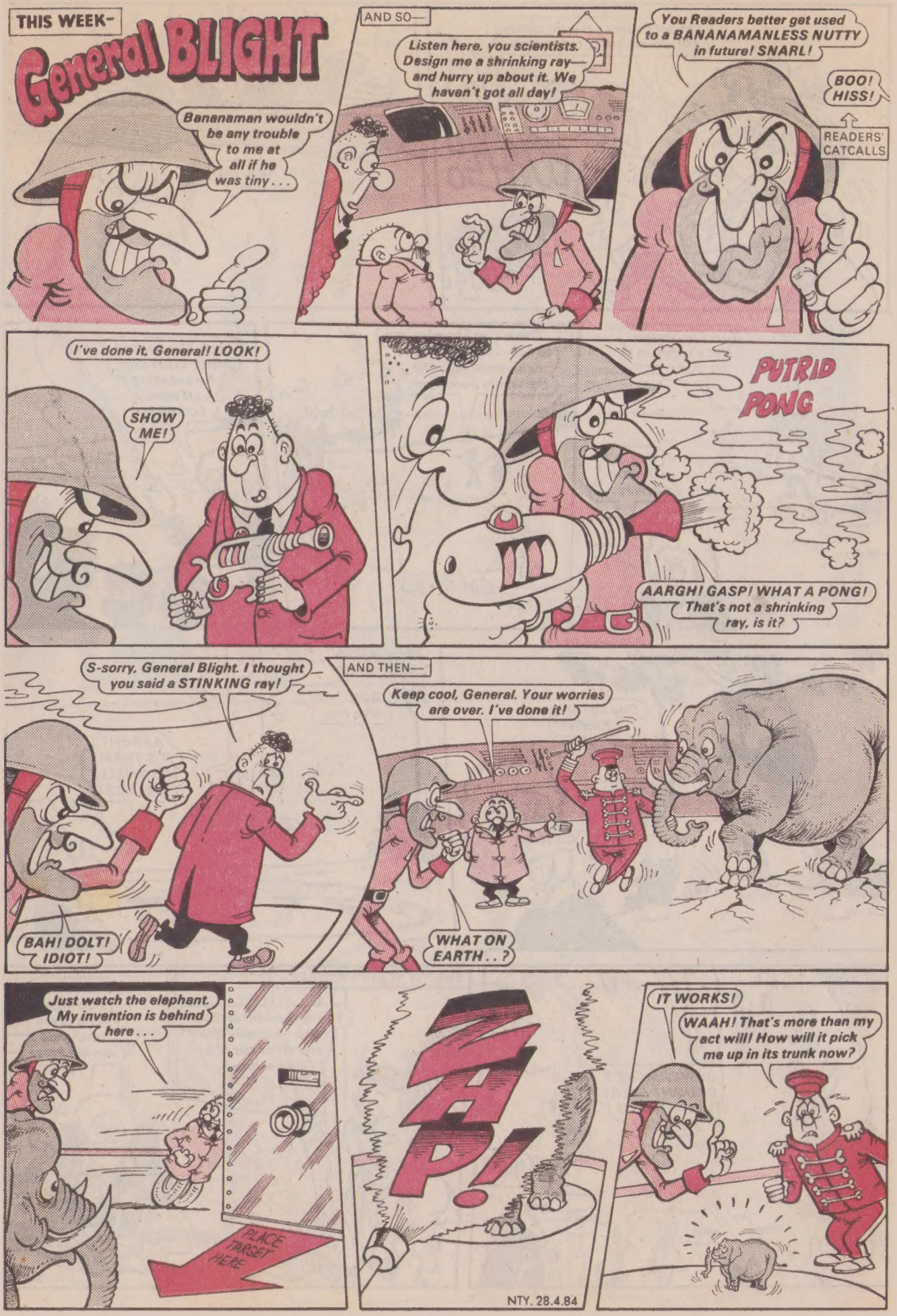
THIS WEEK-
General BLIGHT
Bananaman wouldn't be any trouble to me at all if he was tiny . . .
AND SO—
Listen here, you scientists. Design me a shrinking ray— and hurry up about it. We haven't got all day!
You Readers better get used to a BANANAMANLESS NUTTY in future! SNARL!
BOO! HISS!
READERS' CATCALLS
I've done it, General! LOOK!
SHOW ME!
PUTRID PONG
AARGH! GASP! WHAT A PONG! That's not a shrinking ray, is it?
S-sorry, General Blight. I thought you said a STINKING ray!
BAH! DOLT! IDIOT!
AND THEN—
Keep cool, General. Your worries are over. I've done it!
WHAT ON EARTH . . ?
Just watch the elephant. My invention is behind here . . .
PLACE TARGET HERE
ZAP!
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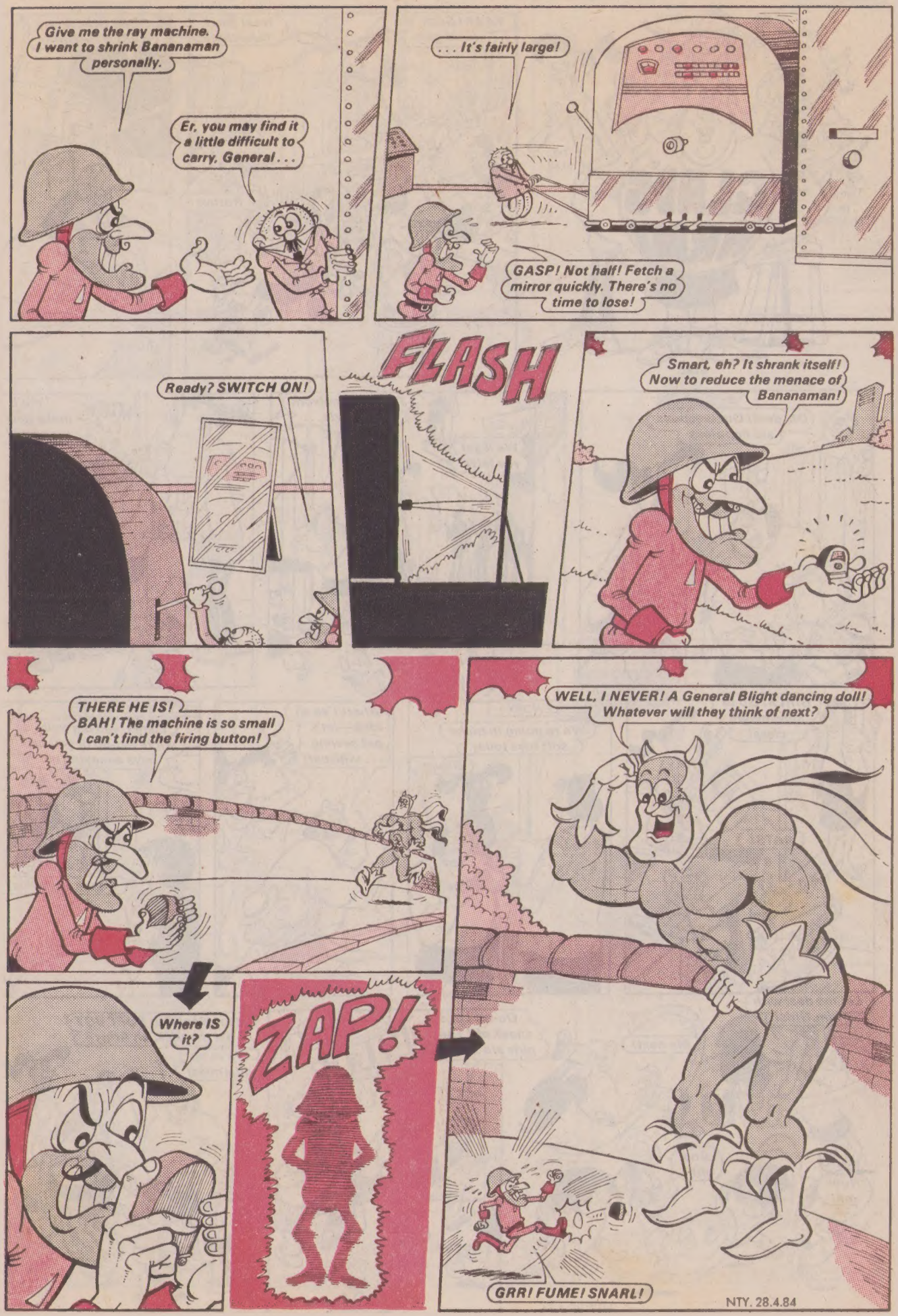
IT WORKS!
WAAH! That's more than my act will! How will it pick me up in its trunk now?


Give me the ray machine. I want to shrink Bananaman personally.
Er, you may find it a little difficult to carry, General...
...It's fairly large!
GASP! Not half! Fetch a mirror quickly. There's no time to lose!
Ready? SWITCH ON!
FLASH
Smart, eh? It shrank itself! Now to reduce the menace of Bananaman!
THERE HE IS! BAH! The machine is so small I can't find the firing button!
WELL, I NEVER! A General Blight dancing doll! Whatever will they think of next?
Where IS it?
ZAP!
GRR! FUME! SNARL!
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PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S ARMY
GLAD

YAAR! Sock 'em stupid girls.
Hee! Hee! Take that!
Rotters!

GRR! GIRLS— PRESENT ARMS!

Oh, dear! Our weapons are hopeless.

To the woodwork class, Girls . . .
We'll get you later!

WOODW CLA
. . . We'll make new weapons!

GIRLS! Go to needlework class!
RATS!

IN NEEDLEWORK—
We're going to make soft toys today.
Groan!

Ahar! I've an idea—let's get sewing . . . whisper!

AFTER SCHOOL—
Listen, you big bully, we're fed-up of you bad boys annoying us.
L-look at th-this?

Let me deal with him, Girls!
Me next!
And me!
Now me!

Oo-er! Let's sneak off! These girls are TOUGH!
BAM!
BIFF!
THUD!

Hee! Hee! Our SOFT BOY did the trick, eh Army?
We're no dummies!

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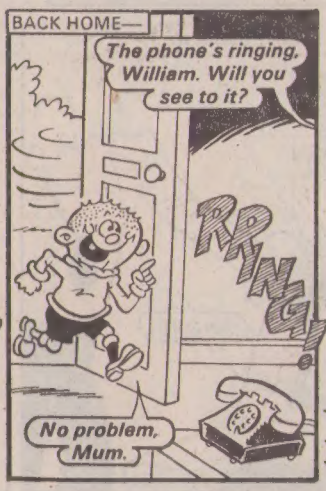
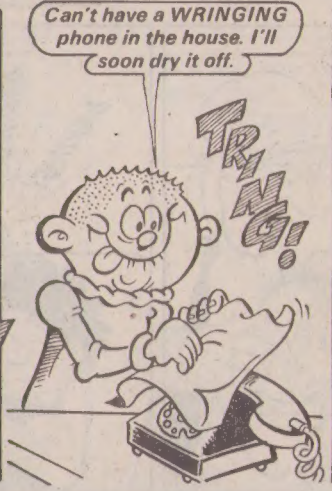
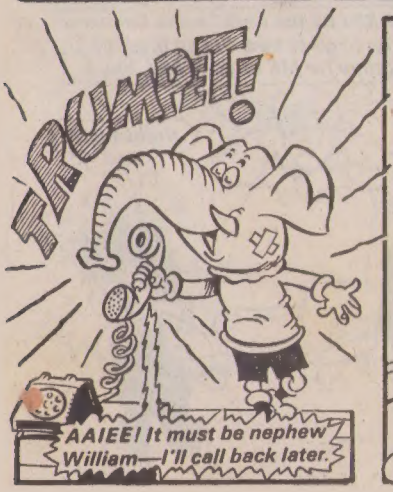
TWEET WILLIAM







HUSH-A-BYE TELEPHONE!
Nope! It's STILL awake, Mum.
TRING!
No, you see the thing the receiver sits on is called the cradle—oh, what's the use?
NTY. 28.4.84

ZZZZ
SNOOZER
Oh-oh! It's time again.
Waken up, Snoozer.
ZZZ!
SHAKE
This might work . . .
. . . but I doubt it!
DRRING!
DRRING!
SNORE!
TOOT-TA-ROOT!
PARP!
BANG!
BANG!
I'm exhausted and Snoozer's STILL asleep, but I've got an idea.
ZZZ!
HUFFITY-PUFFITY!
BLOW!
GROAN! What a weight.
DRAT! Even the cold water treatment didn't work. I'll have to use the last resort.
SPLASH!
YAWN! H-HEY! That sounds like a NUTTY!
WHIRR!
NUTTY
Thank goodness it worked! He's wakening up.
GASP! By the time I wake Snoozer up to go to bed, I'm so tired it's time for ME to go to bed, too.
Night-night, Dad.
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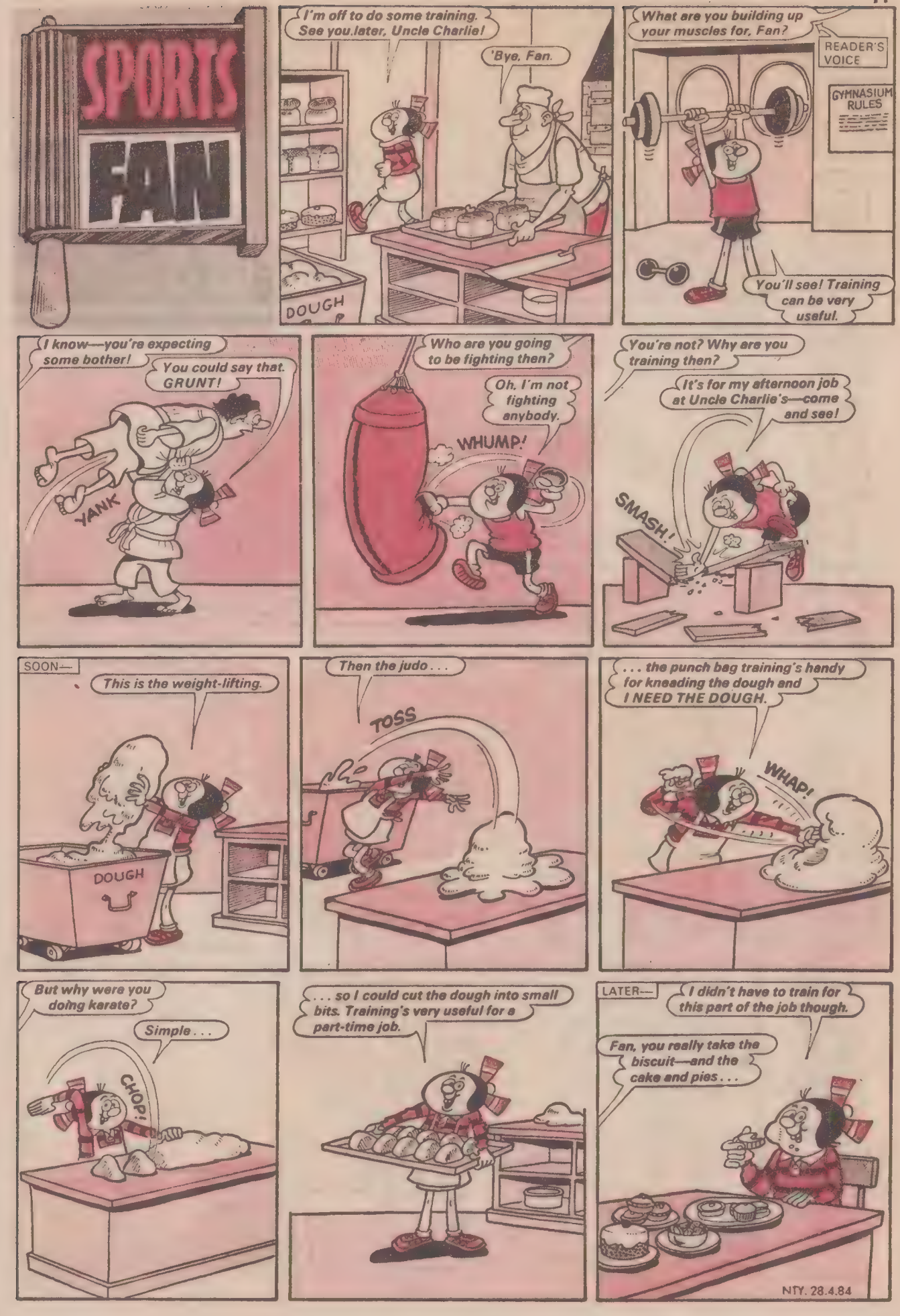
SPORTS FAN
I'm off to do some training. See you later, Uncle Charlie!
'Bye, Fan.
DOUGH
What are you building up your muscles for, Fan?
READER'S VOICE
GYMNASIUM RULES
You'll see! Training can be very useful.
I know—you're expecting some bother!
You could say that. GRUNT!
YANK
Who are you going to be fighting then?
Oh, I'm not fighting anybody.
WHUMP!
You're not? Why are you training then?
It's for my afternoon job at Uncle Charlie's—come and see!
SMASH!
SOON—
This is the weight-lifting.
DOUGH
Then the judo . . .
TOSS
. . . the punch bag training's handy for kneading the dough and I NEED THE DOUGH.
WHAP!
But why were you doing karate?
Simple . . .
CHOP!
. . . so I could cut the dough into small bits. Training's very useful for a part-time job.
LATER—
I didn't have to train for this part of the job though.
Fan, you really take the biscuit—and the cake and pies . . .
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BANANA

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

MUNCH! Now it's you-know-who to the rescue.

BLATTCM!

Hi, Bananafans!

MEANWHILE—

That goody-goody blue goon will fall right into my trap.

I'm right here, Ma'am.

SHRIEK! Who said that?

TSK! I'd better stop her before she litters the pavement.

AIEEE!

SEE P.11 WHERE ANOTHER ADVENTURE IS INFORMATION

Gotcha! You're in safe hands now.

PHEW! Well YOU'RE not.

Don't worry—I'll put you down safely.

And I'll BLOW YOU UP—not so safely.

Bye now!

Yes, 'bye for EVER. CHUCKLE!

RUMBLE O' DOOM!

ERK! Sounds almost like a herd of EPHALUMPS.

TRUMPET!

That's just what it is! SCREAM!

C'mon, Artist—stop playin' tricks. You don't get ephalumps in Nuttytown, unless . . .

SHRATTOM!

. . . that blue-suited gibbon put me down IN THE ZOO. Where's my hat-pin detonator button?

OOYAH! And furthermore YEOW!

Why, it's that lovable old woman's hat-pin . . .

. . . I'd better return it. Eric Bristow, eat yer heart out.

TSK! Silly me. I've just put that lovable little ol' woman down in the zoo—that could be dangerous.

BOOM!

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GOLLY! Have an accident?

N-no thanks! I've just had one.

I'll get you out. Ladies first—I'm nothin' if not a gentleman.

Th-thanks.

OOPS! I think I've boo-boobed again.

AAIEE!

DANGER CROCODILES

Ahem! Don't worry, Readers, They're only being playful—I think!

SNAP

SNAP!

HELP!

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Cannonball Kid

HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY

I've no match today . . .

BLATTER!

. . . But with my hard shot I'm always in demand.

IN THE HOUSE—

SHAKE!

SHUDDER!

What's happening? Is it an earthquake?

No! It's Cannonball!

Clear off, Boy! You're destroying the house!

Grumpy ol' parent!

THEN—

Ah, Cannonball— you're just the lad to help me.

It's Mr Gruff, manager of Nuttytown United.

With your big shot you can kick the ball back into the ground.

Okay!

That'll do it!

KERWUMP!

SWOOSH!

NUTTY CANAL

SPLOT!

Pest! We're worse off than ever now.

I was only trying to help.

IN THE PARK—

The door of our dressing room is jammed. Give us a shove, C.K.!

Stand back!

SMASH!

BOOT!

Ahem! You can get in now, Boys.

VANDAL! You're due us a new door! Come back!

Like I said— with my big shot I'm always in demand!

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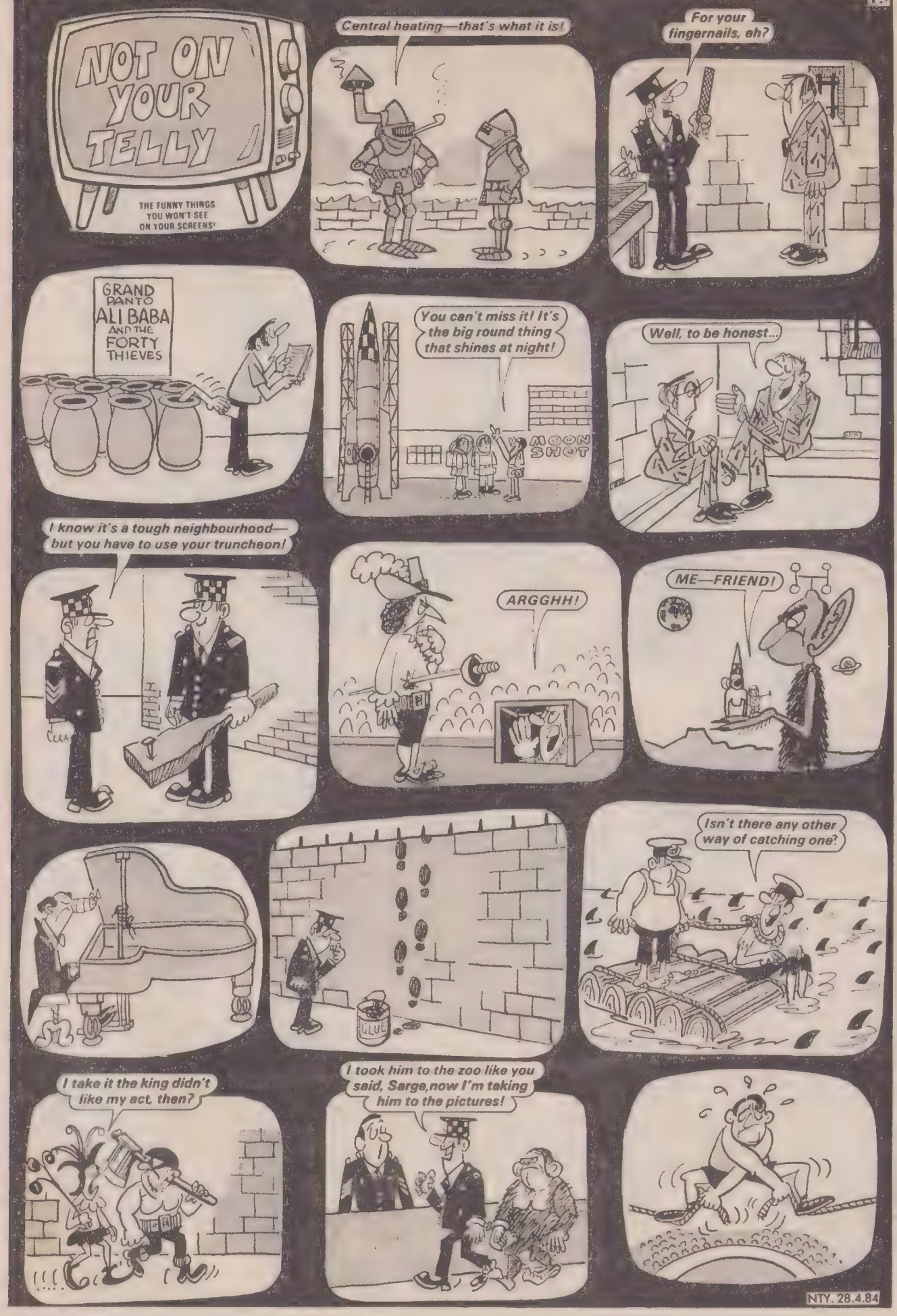
NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
Central heating—that's what it is!
For your fingernails, eh?
GRAND PANTO ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES
You can't miss it! It's the big round thing that shines at night!
MOON SHOT
Well, to be honest...
I know it's a tough neighbourhood—but you have to use your truncheon!
ARGGHH!
ME—FRIEND!
Isn't there any other way of catching one?
I take it the king didn't like my act, then?
I took him to the zoo like you said, Sarge, now I'm taking him to the pictures!
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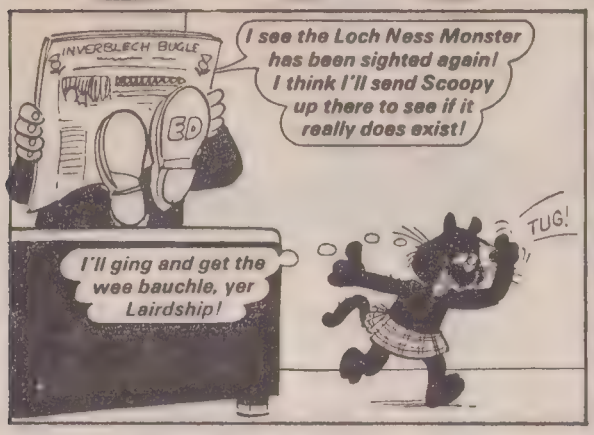
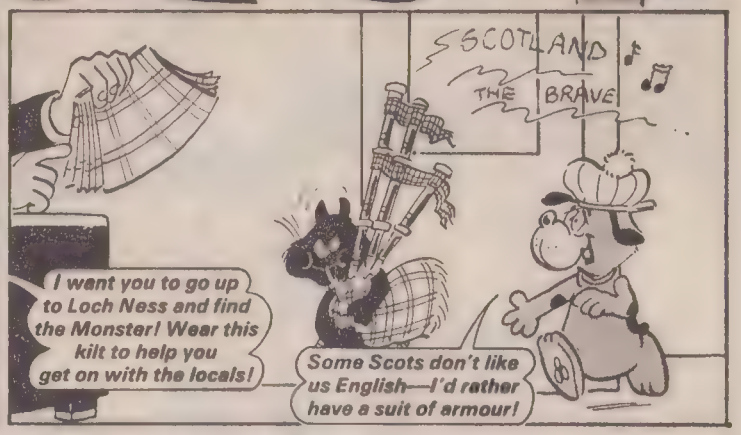
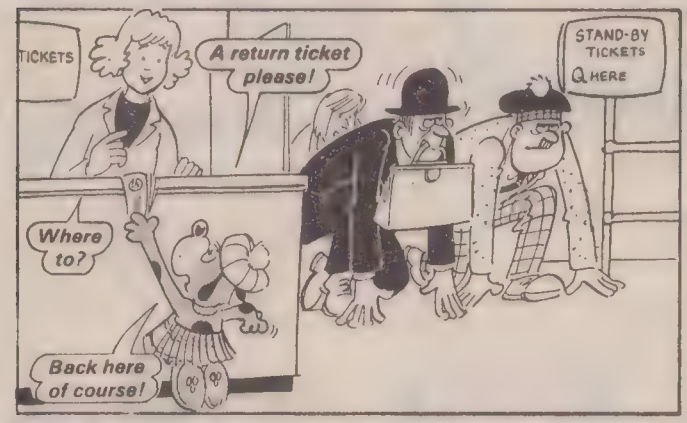
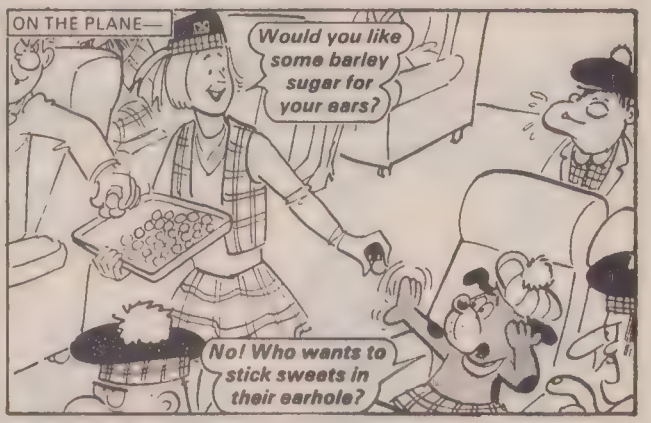
SCOOPY

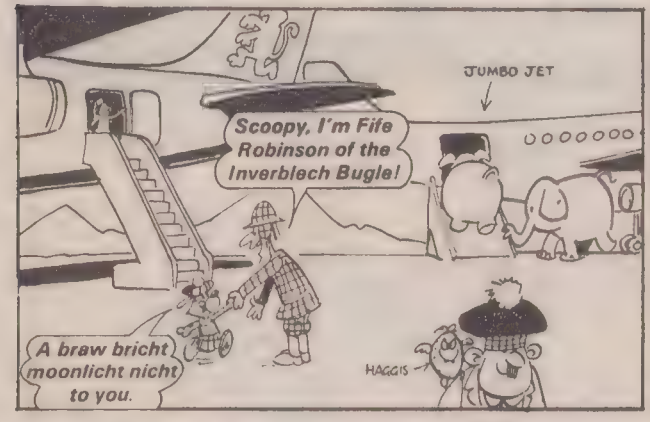
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

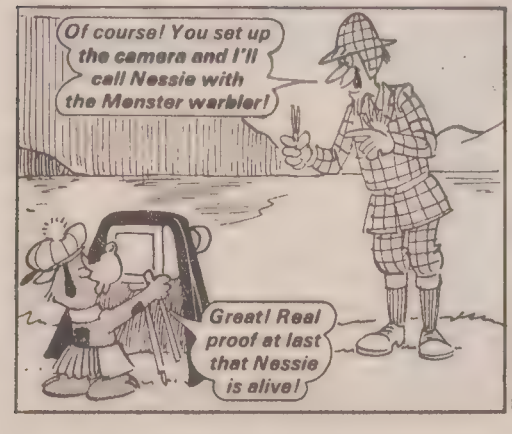

INVERBLECH BUGLE
ED
I see the Loch Ness Monster has been sighted again! I think I'll send Scoopy up there to see if it really does exist!
I'll ging and get the wee bauchle, yer Lairdship!
TUG!

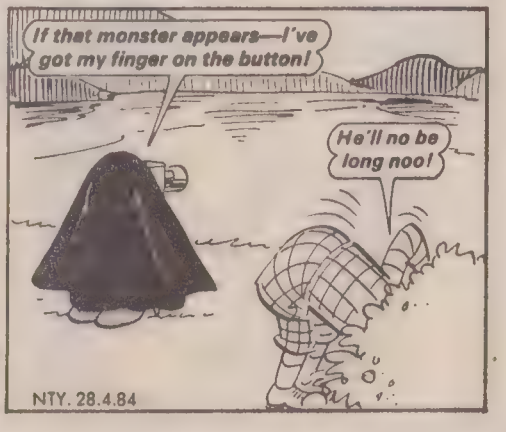

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE
I want you to go up to Loch Ness and find the Monster! Wear this kilt to help you get on with the locals!
Some Scots don't like us English—I'd rather have a suit of armour!

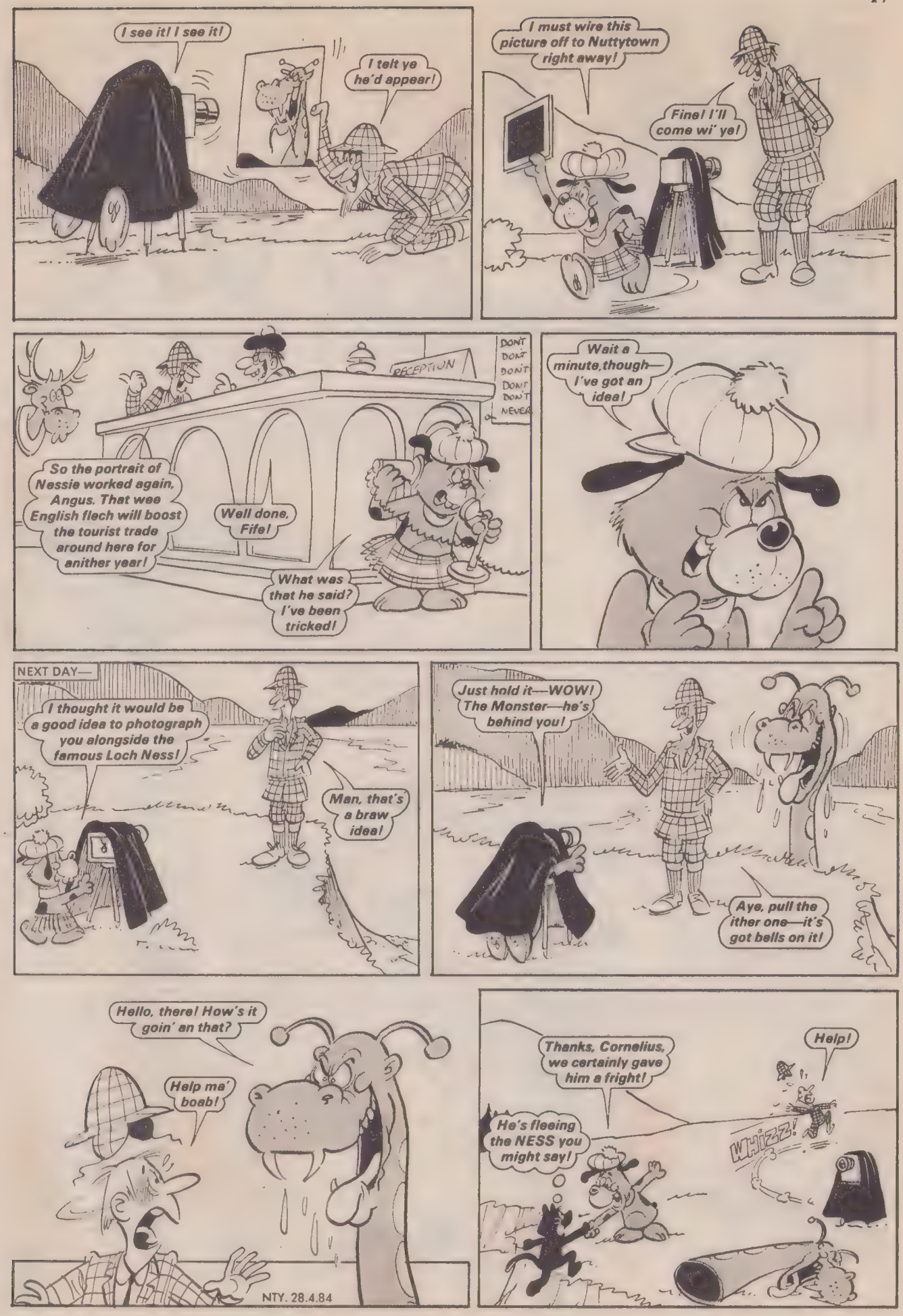




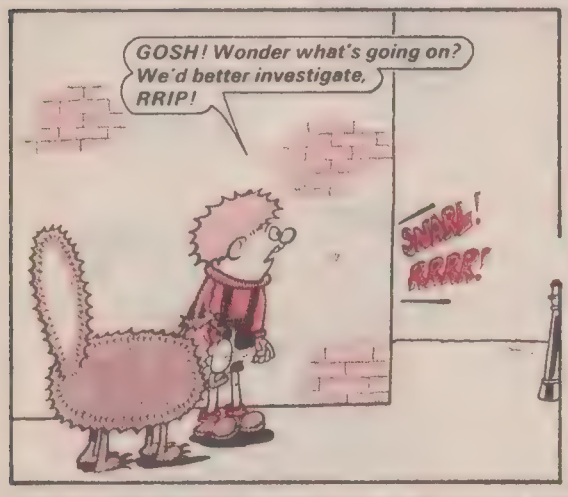


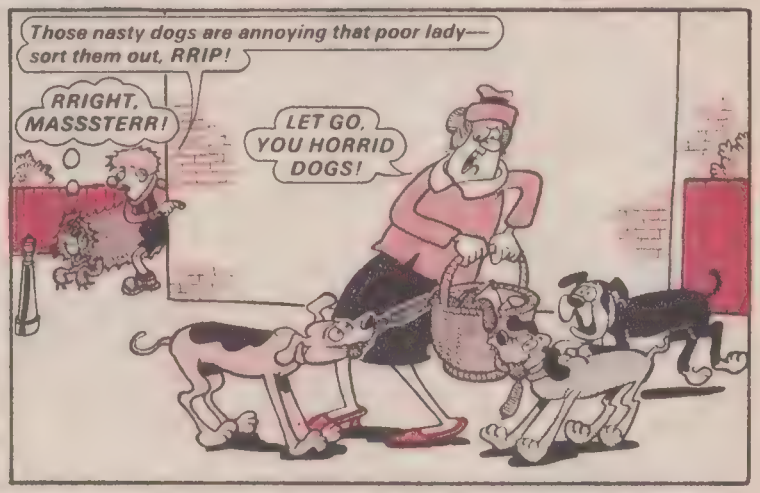


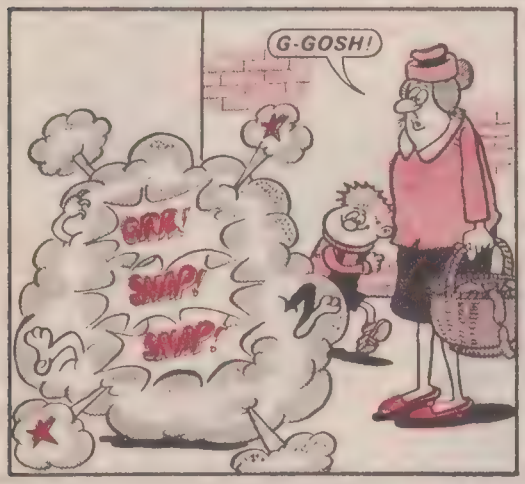


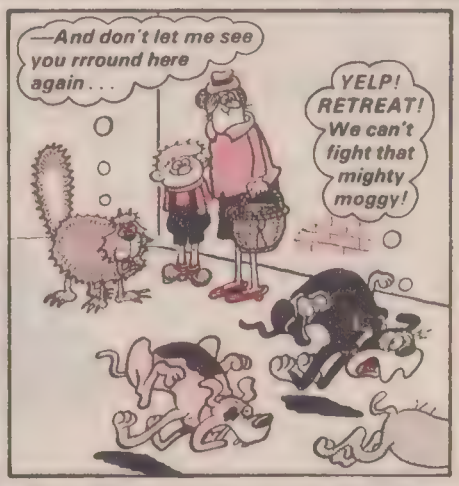

I see it! I see it!
I telt ye he'd appear!
I must wire this picture off to Nuttytown right away!
Fine! I'll come wi' ye!
RECEPTION
DONT DONT DONT DONT DONT NEVER
So the portrait of Nessie worked again, Angus. That wee English flech will boost the tourist trade around here for anither year!
Well done, Fife!
What was that he said? I've been tricked!
Wait a minute, though— I've got an idea!
NEXT DAY—
I thought it would be a good idea to photograph you alongside the famous Loch Ness!
Man, that's a braw idea!
Just hold it—WOW! The Monster—he's behind you!
Aye, pull the ither one—it's got bells on it!
Hello, there! How's it goin' an that?
Help ma' boab!
NTY. 28.4.84
Thanks, Cornelius, we certainly gave him a fright!
Help!
He's fleeing the NESS you might say!
WHIZZ!

NIP and RRIP

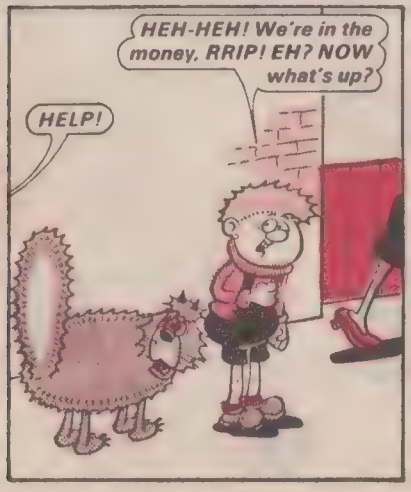

GOSH! Wonder what's going on? We'd better investigate, RRIP!
SWARL! RRRR!

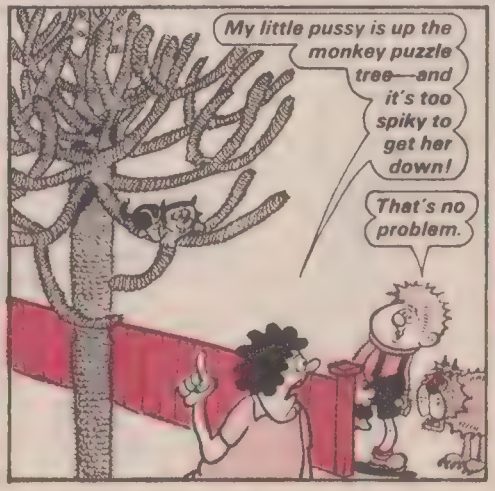

Those nasty dogs are annoying that poor lady—sort them out, RRIP!
RRIGHT, MASSSTERR!
LET GO, YOU HORRID DOGS!


G-GOSH!
GRR!
SNAP!
SNAP!


—And don't let me see you rrround here again . . .
YELP! RETREAT! We can't fight that mighty moggy!

HOW BRAVE! Here's a reward for you!
Brave as a lion is my RRIP! Thank you, Ma'am!


HEH-HEH! We're in the money, RRIP! EH? NOW what's up?
HELP!


My little pussy is up the monkey puzzle tree—and it's too spiky to get her down!
That's no problem.

RRIP will get your kitten down. He's as brave as a lion!
I WILL? I AM?
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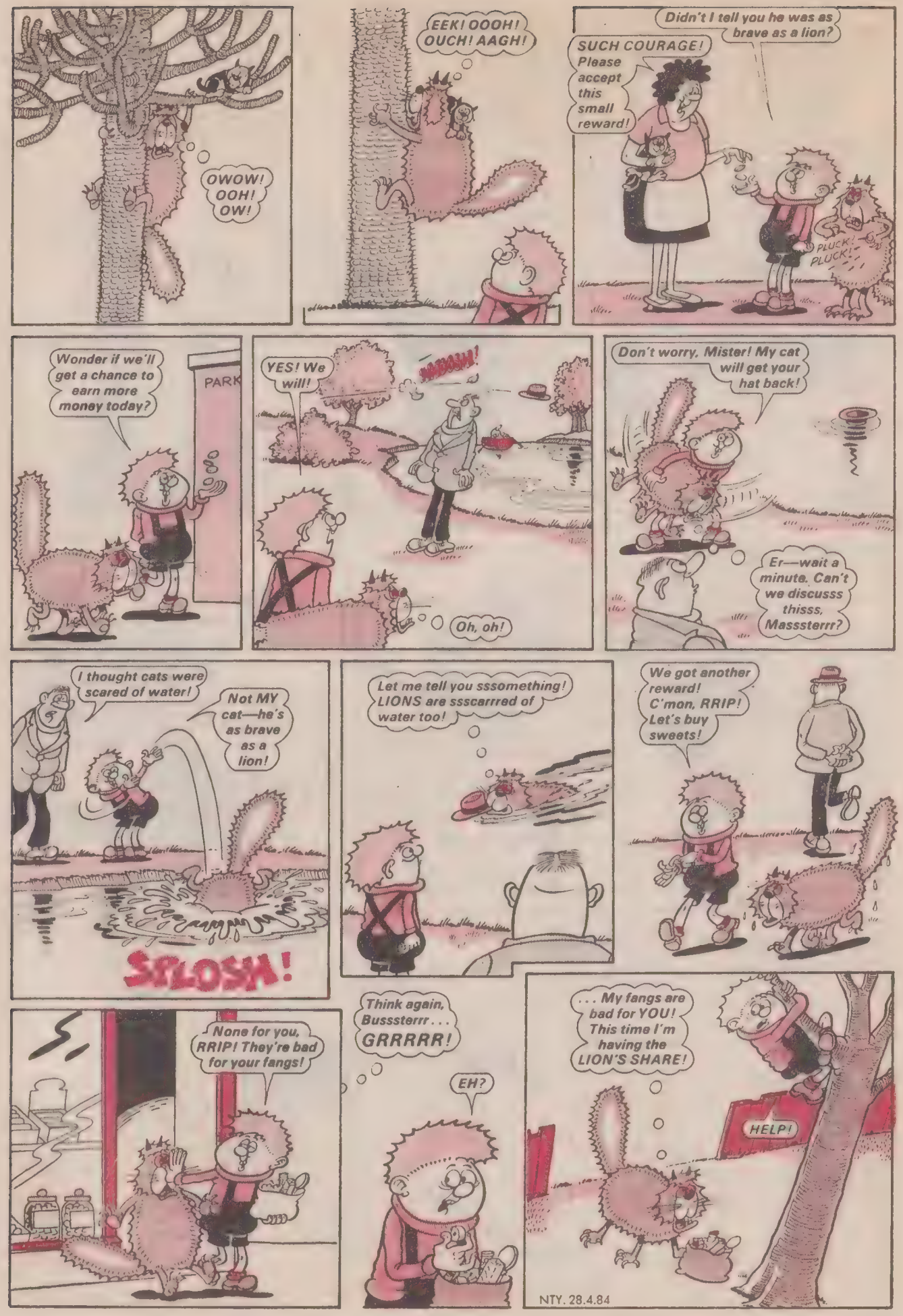
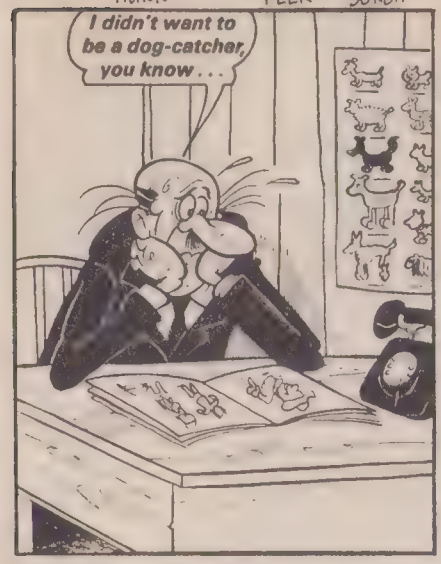
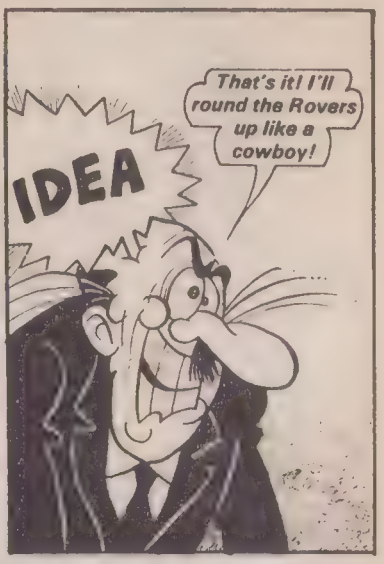
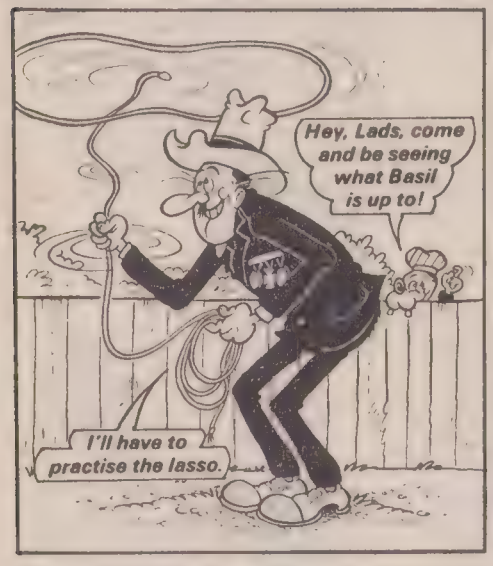

OWOW! OOH! OW!
EEK! OOOH! OUCH! AAGH!
Didn't I tell you he was as brave as a lion?
SUCH COURAGE! Please accept this small reward!
PLUCK! PLUCK!
Wonder if we'll get a chance to earn more money today?
PARK
YES! We will!
SWOOSH!
Oh, oh!
Don't worry, Mister! My cat will get your hat back!
Er—wait a minute. Can't we discusss thisss, Masssterrr?
I thought cats were scared of water!
Not MY cat—he's as brave as a lion!
SPLOSH!
Let me tell you sssomething! LIONS are ssscarrred of water too!
We got another reward! C'mon, RRIP! Let's buy sweets!
None for you, RRIP! They're bad for your fangs!
Think again, Bussterrr . . . GRRRRR!
EH?
. . . My fangs are bad for YOU! This time I'm having the LION'S SHARE!
HELP!
NTY. 28.4.84

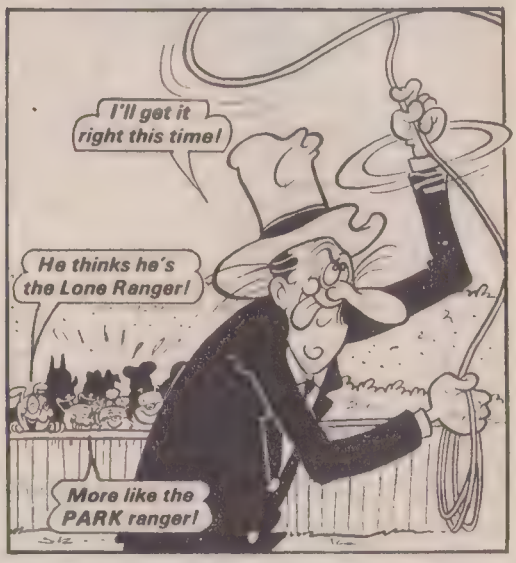
THE WILD

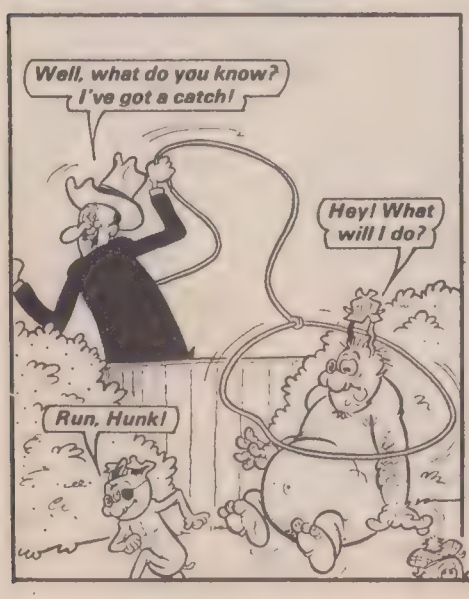
HUNK MAGNUS PEEK SINGH SONGH PATCH LADY

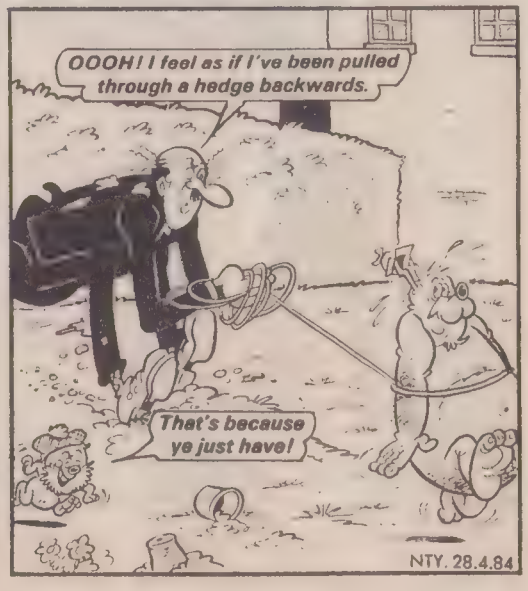




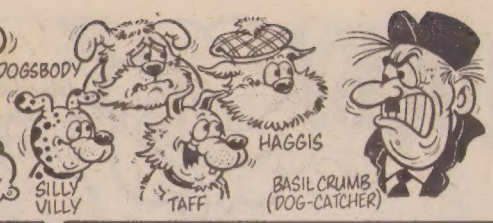






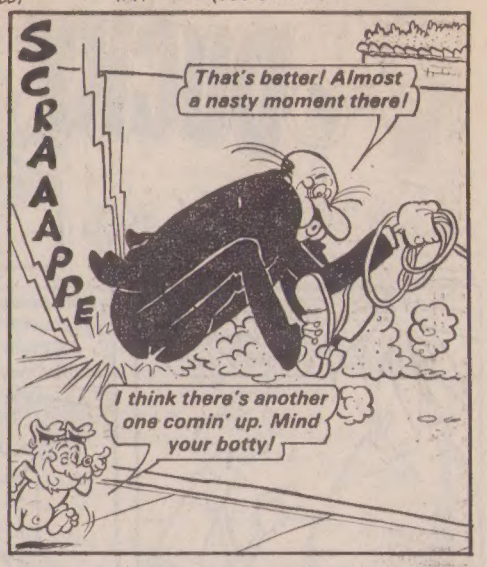


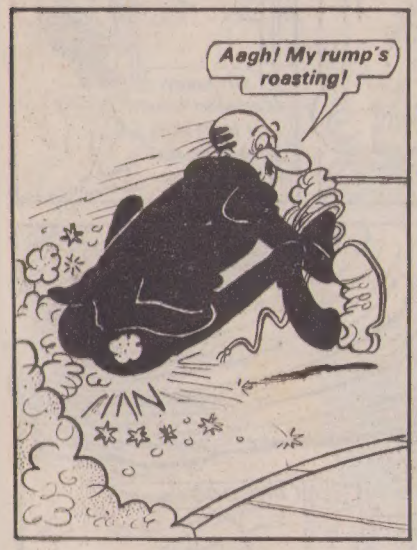
ROVERS

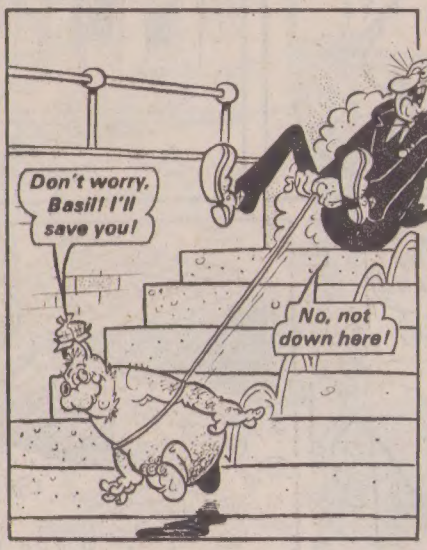

DOGSBODY
HAGGIS
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

Hey, this is like water-ski-ing! I quite like it.
Not for long . . .

Aren't your feet getting a wee bit hot, Basil?
Oooh, I'll say!


SCRAAAPPE
That's better! Almost a nasty moment there!
I think there's another one comin' up. Mind your botty!


Aagh! My rump's roasting!


Don't worry, Basil! I'll save you!
No, not down here!

This bumping should beat the fire out!
It's not! It's beating ME up!

In that case, I'll stop and let you swing round . .
Don't be rotten! It's ME I want stopped!
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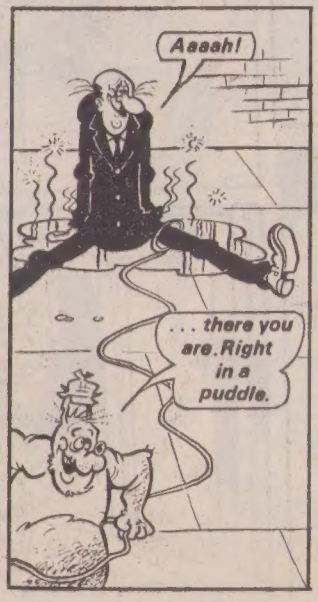
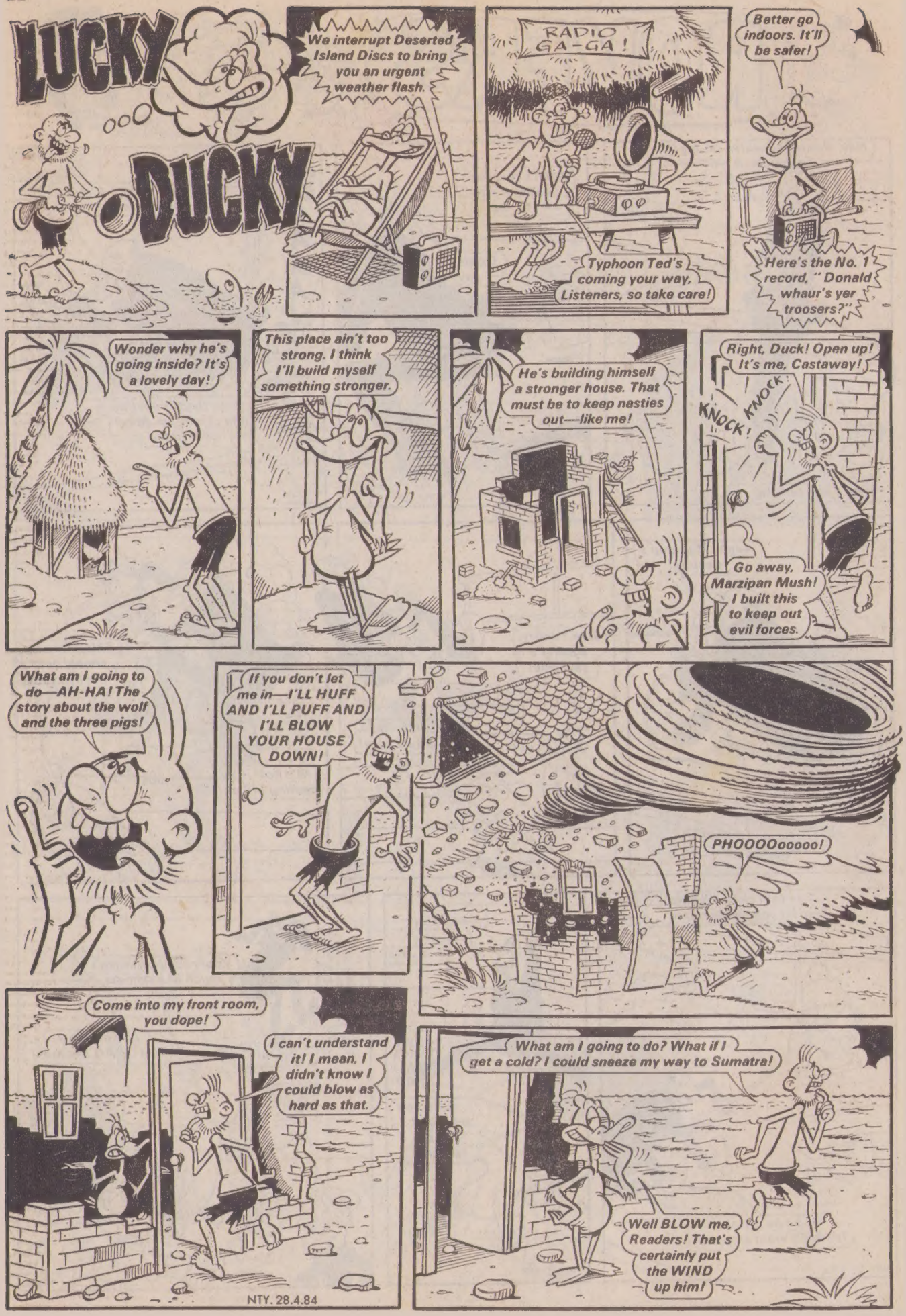
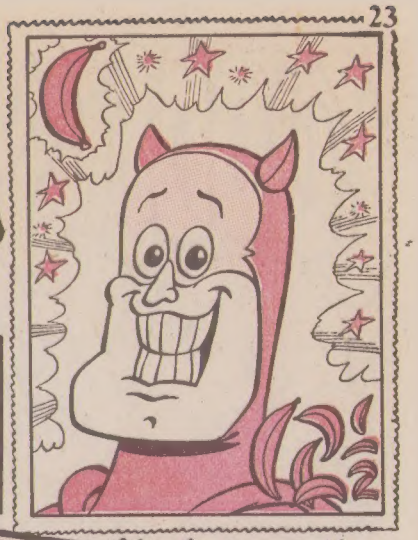

Aaaah!
. . . there you are. Right in a puddle.

BAH!
Your round-up wasn't much of a success, Basil.
Life can be a real DRAG at times!


LUCKY DUCKY
We interrupt Deserted Island Discs to bring you an urgent weather flash.
RADIO GA-GA!
Typhoon Ted's coming your way, Listeners, so take care!
Better go indoors. It'll be safer!
Here's the No. 1 record, "Donald whaur's yer troosers?"
Wonder why he's going inside? It's a lovely day!
This place ain't too strong. I think I'll build myself something stronger.
He's building himself a stronger house. That must be to keep nasties out—like me!
Right, Duck! Open up! It's me, Castaway!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
Go away, Marzipan Mush! I built this to keep out evil forces.
What am I going to do—AH-HA! The story about the wolf and the three pigs!
If you don't let me in—I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE DOWN!
PHOOOOooooo!
Come into my front room, you dope!
I can't understand it! I mean, I didn't know I could blow as hard as that.
NTY. 28.4.84
What am I going to do? What if I get a cold? I could sneeze my way to Sumatra!
Well BLOW me, Readers! That's certainly put the WIND up him!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

COUNTRY RIDDLE!

Little girl crying: Sob! Sob!
Mother: Are you HUNGARY?
Girl: Yes, SIAM! KENYA give me something to eat?
Mother: How about a slice of TURKEY?
Little girl: Fine, but I want SAMOA!
Mother: Well, if you'll stop those WALES!

MARK CHEN, OTTLER.

IN THE DARK!

A teacher was speaking to his class when all the lights went out. He tried everything he knew but couldn't get them to work again.

A boy at the back of the class told everyone to put their hands in the air.

The teacher asked what good that would do. The boy replied, "Many hands make light work!"

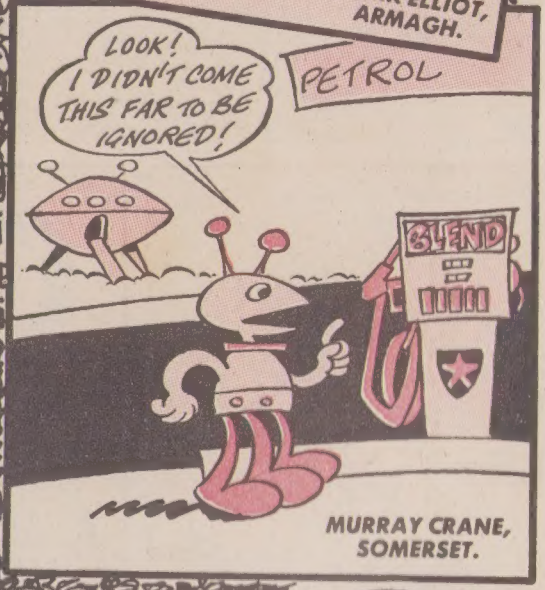
MARK ELLIOT, ARMAGH.

THANH QUAN, BRISTOL.

A BEASTLY GAG!

What monster only knocks once?
The KNOCK-LESS monster!

DANN BEAR, NORWICH.



MURRAY CRANE, SOMERSET.

DOCTOR! DOCTOR!

Doctor Bell fell down the well,
And broke his collar bone.
A doctor should attend the sick
And leave the well alone!

NUTTY READER, EDINBURGH.

OLE, NO PETROL!

Why did the Spanish Armada fail?

It didn't do enough miles to the GALLEON!

MARK BINGHAM, CHESTERFIELD.

SON: DAD, CAN I HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF WATER?
DAD: ANOTHER? THIS IS THE TENTH GLASS!
SON: I KNOW, BUT MY ROOM'S ON FIRE!

GRAHAM BATES, MIDDLESEX.

THIS ONE'LL GROW ON YOU!

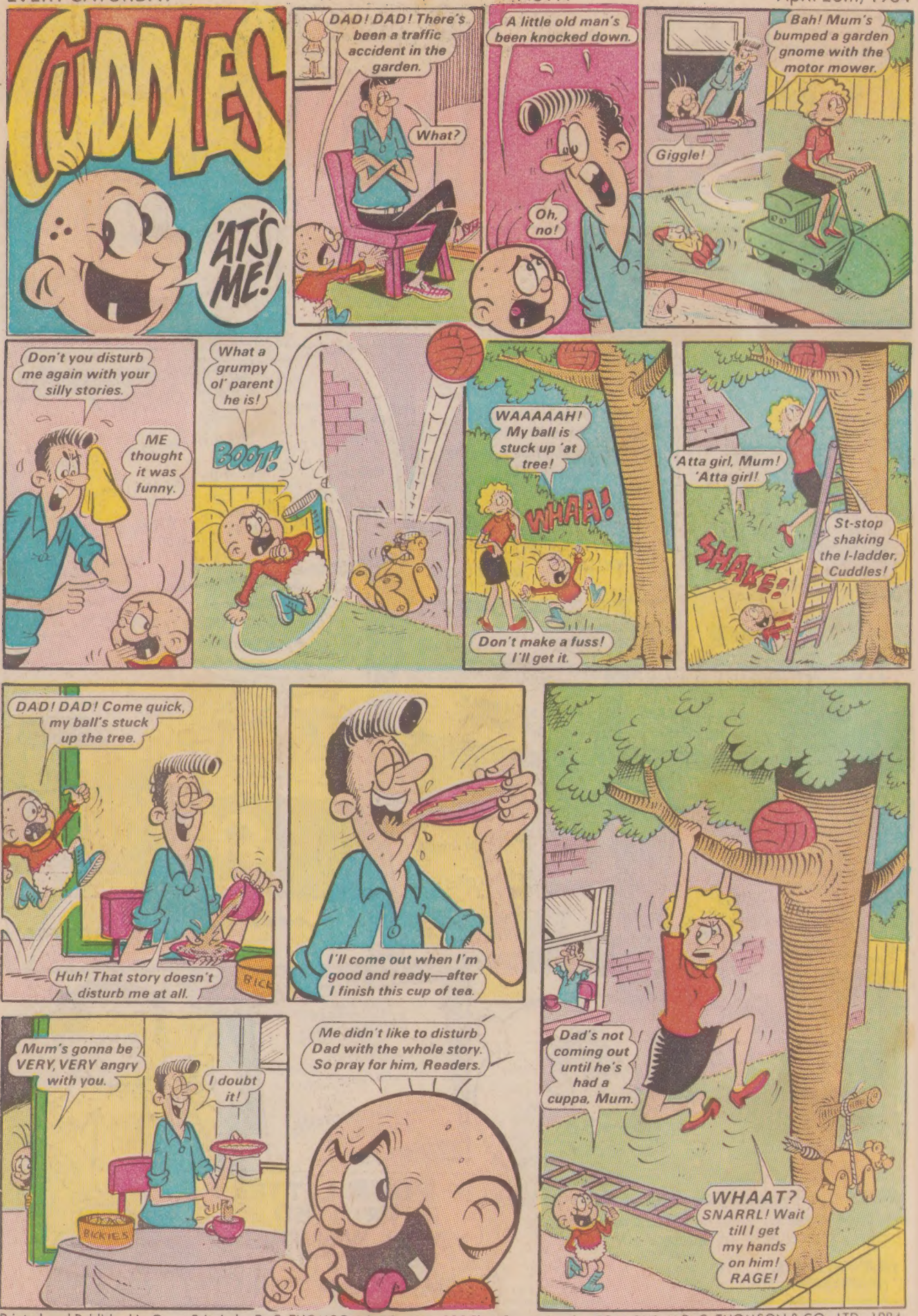
Who was the first farmer?
ADAM. He raised CAIN!

M. E. MACKINNON, DALBEATTIE.

NTY. 28.4.84

IF **YOUR** LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—


CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
DAD! DAD! There's been a traffic accident in the garden.
What?
A little old man's been knocked down.
Oh, no!
Giggle!
Bah! Mum's bumped a garden gnome with the motor mower.
Don't you disturb me again with your silly stories.
ME thought it was funny.
What a grumpy ol' parent he is!
BOOT!
WAAAAAH! My ball is stuck up 'at tree!
WHAA!
Don't make a fuss! I'll get it.
'Atta girl, Mum! 'Atta girl!
SHAKE!
St-stop shaking the l-ladder, Cuddles!
DAD! DAD! Come quick, my ball's stuck up the tree.
Huh! That story doesn't disturb me at all.
I'll come out when I'm good and ready—after I finish this cup of tea.
Dad's not coming out until he's had a cuppa, Mum.
WHAAT? SNARRL! Wait till I get my hands on him! RAGE!
Mum's gonna be VERY, VERY angry with you.
I doubt it!
Me didn't like to disturb Dad with the whole story. So pray for him, Readers.

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